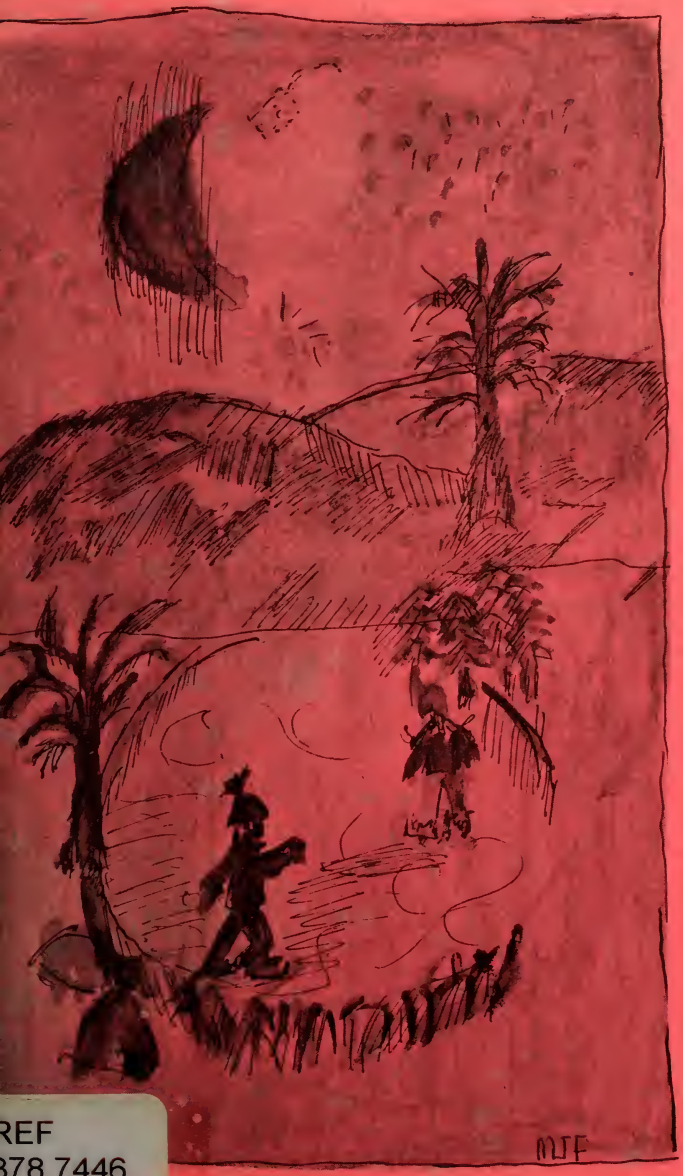
The Charles Viewer



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THE CHARLES VIEWER
FALL 1972

The Charles Viewer is edited
and published by the students of
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RARE COURAGE TO BE SANE

So easy to fall into chaos and mind's destruction,
yet so much strength to surpass this, so much
strength to be sane.

To skirt the abyss...one clings to things,
a warm kitten, or a fresh water pond, the cry of
the coastal gull, a small child's mirth.

Whatever lifts the heart to make it start--
to hope that life is a happy process, and that
love is real and...not a changing wheel that
splinters into horror at remembered pain.

Oh, it takes certain courage to be sane.

Joan Quinlan '73N

Glass houses

reveal what needs to be known.

Glass houses

with cellophane windows

give a faintly blurred picture

of what has to be known.

Kris Baker '74

DEVIATION FROM THE NORM

Once, with Captain Cosmos,
I thought I saw a purple sky!!
but realized,
it was just my ELECTRIC
mirror bleeding
Grape Tang
for the day.

It was really nice for a change.

Virginia Babcock '73

Step to the rhythm of life,
for it is the tempo of all being.
Let not loud tones scare you away
and use soft notes as a cushion
of happiness.

Kris Baker '74

Life is a Crackerjack box with the
gummy popcorn as hope and the dry
peanuts as time.
The prize at the bottom of the package may be
stuffed with the answer of all
fortune.

Kris Baker '74

If you know the right people
you make it in the world.
Your classifications don't matter
anymore
than you do.
It's who you know and who knows you.

The land of opportunity
falls flat on its face--but yet
the Bowanos of our land
still insist that we are free.
They tell us we can make
it on our own;
but tell them who sent you.

You, a tree, will never
grow beyond the ground
unless there are roots to support
and push you ahead.

It's a fact of life
in our land of opportunity.

Just tell them who sent you.

Constance Owen '73N

Je vous aime

I like you...
but we must separate as birds do when it gets too cold
You can't want me,

I'm like a G. E. Product which has no guarantee

I'm warning you now

because you might want a refund

when I only want to give you a credit slip.

Anonymous

It's just a matter
    of liking yourself
and the one you're with.

What you are doing
    and how you are doing it.

That is all.

Martha French '73

SMOKE

The smoke seeps through his nostrils
  and smothers his brain
Relaxing the sharp spasms of fear
  --momentarily--
He lingers with each inhaling breath
  as if stalling for time
Dreading the final commitment.
His soul vibrates on the edge of destruction
Trembling hands play-acting spirit
  as if stalling for life.

--Diane Eovine '73

Love is like a popsicle;
good while it lasts: but
bound to melt.

Kris Baker ''74

luscious, lascivious, lewd
lips,
looking, lingering, loquacious
limbs,
lost, loose, life,
like licorice love.

Martha French '73

LIFE AT FISHER

i sit inert

day after day

in my stagnant

environment

with motivation absent

and with thoughts that

possess the inability

to collect

as words quickly

run

in

one

ear

and

out

the

other

stopping only occasionally

for brief but precious moments

to ponder

somewhere inbetween

c.monaco '73N

THE TROUBLE WITH MANKIND

Sit amongst your peers and supply your ears
with all unneeded words
Win your piece of paper...now to change the world
into all happiness and no distress.
But walls keep constructing
Buildings so that we no longer see the sky
Brother...come home from the war,
and sister of mine have palsy no more
Each day our lives are placed upon stirrups--
life being removed
I exist, as if all hands are tied and
destruction persists
watching and praying.

Joan Quinlan '73N

All that I have ever wished has come.
All that will come shall be

Sandra Keshishian '73

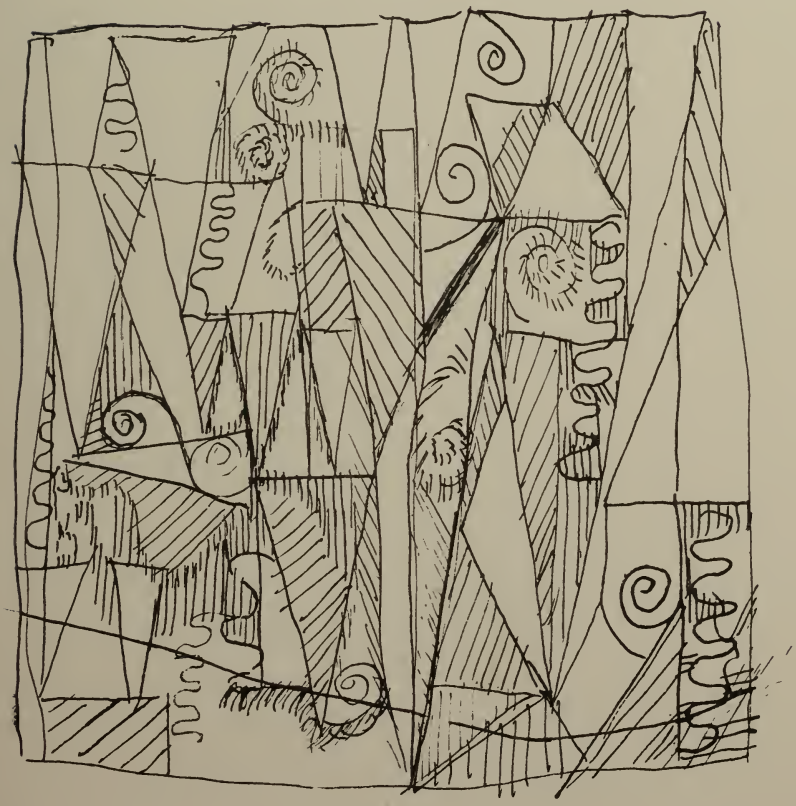
HANDS

Hands grabbing people
as if they were discount
merchandise in a bargain
basement.

Amy Andler '73

Pick your memories off the tree
of disbelief
and plant the seed of the future
Water it every day and give it plenty
of sunshine.
If you tend it carefully
Miracles might grow.

Kris Baker '74



THE INEVITABLE

wedding bells chime

indeed--bells of joy

radiant faces

--marriage--

years go by

endlessly they pass--like crashing waves

procreation is accomplished

a biological drive--satisfied

the Catholic religion--satisfied

heated arguments rise

problems, problems, and more problems

wet eyes and bruised bodies

are a common scene

anger, bitterness, hatred

--separation, a period of limbo

a bond, an entity

a supposed unit of love

confused emotions

confused children

the final move is made

--divorce--

Deoborah Stone Brennan '73

DISTORTION.....

Plans and missiles and guns--
they used to be your toys when you were young.
Fifteen years have passed since then,
isn't it time you found new fun?
Egoism is your force--
commanding you into battle
new medals, new prestige, better career.
Watch your child grow up in photographs as
you kill the enemy and play God.
Man to man combat and extended duty--
as you send your wife into the arms of another man
But, don't come home--my brother,
stay at war
and learn to be a man!

Joan Quinlan '73N

Hold on tight to your happiness.
Smiles are visas to enchanted lands
and laughter is the gift holding key
that unlocks all doors
of misery.

Kris Baker '74

I sigh at the end of this
day--gray it is.
My thoughts have burdened these
24 hours--
with a bit of hopelessness.

But I've got you and you've got me.
We laughed at our misery.
You can make me feel the
Lord above.
I love you is easy to say
again and again.

We will pass with time.
I know.
You've helped me and I've helped you.

Thank goodness we've all got

one another.

Martha French '73

BELIEF

Belief is a peculiar thing
Sometimes you believe; and sometimes you don't.
If
for
some
obscure
reason,
you
fail
to
give
yourself
the
luxury
of
believing,

You can't survive.

Sandra Keshishian '73

THE LOST FRIEND

The pain eases its way through the veins
and ruthlessly strikes the vulnerable heart.

No medicine or other artificial means
can stop the pain.

A time once passed
where happiness, fears, dreams, we shared together.

As one year merges with the next,
I saw the true reflection of my friend.

Alone, confused, yet caring--
I sought to help.

Bitterness, resentment is what
I received for daring to care.

The old heart has since ceased to function.
A new heart of hard, cold deadly stone emerges.

How to feel, touch, see--
It knows not.

Sandra Keshishian '73

People make mistakes;

one of their mistakes is that

they don't trust themselves.

The other mistake people mistake

for the truth is that they

don't trust other people, either.

Damned good reason too,

people lie.

Martha French '73

YESTERDAY'S PEOPLE

We've packed them off to sterilized cells with
electric buttons at the foot of each bed.
Halls saturated with peculiar odors of air
refresheners and deodorizers
Trays stuffed with dieticians' delight
Bearing messages of name, diet, calories per meal
Doorways cluttered with wheelchairs
Inmates, put away for the rest of their lives
No more deciding where to go next
Only waiting for the ones they love to come
No need to deal with the problem of getting up
to urinate, the bed pan will be at their right-hand side
Washed and bathed and ready for the day
So to lie and gaze and watch the shifts go by
Are our ears so clogged with the sounds of automobiles
and stereos that we are deaf to the lonely desolate cries?
Are our eyes so focused on today's dreams that we can
not see yesterday's people living in heartless stone prisons?
Are our feelings so dead that we can't feel the torment
of those that gave us life?
Where have they failed and
Why must we send them off to die?

Janice Perney '73N

The people in your life --
never let them go.
For they are the main ingredient
in the cake,
and the sweetening of
the frosting.

Kris Baker '74

The water-colored blue sky
with marshmallow cream clouds,
looks down upon the crystal aqua waters--
which reach up to me with a
sparkling reaction.
Only to know those times again.
When life was a neverending
merry-go-round.
To hear familiar echos of laughter
about the ivory-colored houses.
Hold fast on to visions of jagged stars
that spangle the navy sky.
Photographs are to be
looked back upon as
memory tutors.

Kris Baker '74

"LIBERATED"

time: 1879; place: Norway

Henrik Ibsen's Nora Helmer

a doll within a doll's house

a cry: women's rights

time: 1920; place: United States

billowing dresses with arm bands on the sleeves

carrying protest banners

proclaiming suffrage

a cry: women's rights

the present

mini skirts and body shirts

braless, of course

exposed skin

met with shocked faces

an impact

speeding printing presses

resulting in newspaper and magazine articles

exposing women lib advocates

Kate Millet and Germaine Greer

bewildered men--feeling threatened

What is happening to marriage?

Where is the homemaker?

a cry: women's rights

a rebirth

the "now" woman

the liberated woman

Anonymous

The tree is bare with its leaves
scattered below its trunk.
Limbs bend low
looking down in disbelief upon their
once possessions.
Nude branches shiver in
the forceful wind that is brought forth by winter.

Winter.
With its crystal flakes and hardened sleet.

Christmas,
Santa Claus, and Filenes
on a night before Christmas Eve rush.
Children trying to outdo each other
with their snowmen.
Snowball fights,
kissing the one you love under the mistletoe,
and candy canes in hot chocolate.

The tree will once more bear
its leaves and regain whatever
it has lost.
But will we . . . . .

Kris Baker '74

Keeping a love affair straight

is a very difficult thing to do.

One of the loving couple is the
dominating.

The other side of the loving couple is meek
and meandering.

One has money the other is poor.
But the most important thing is that
the loving couple get their differences straight.

And if one crosses the partner
of this loving affair,
He better watch out.
Because he might just get hurt.

It is a very difficult thing to keep
a love affair straight.

Martha French '73

PETALS

Stroll along the gardens someday
lie out among the caressing grass under a hugh elm
The mind can never remain stagnant
under such provocative surroundings
Memories become your present
some draw a smile
and some choke within your throat
Yet, one thought is never averted--
constantly gnawing at my mind's insides...
That of you, and your love, and your flush Irish cheeks,
and all that is you.
I watched you toil in the garden
to make the flowers grow
Yet, I knew that every attempt you made
at any task would bloom.
When spring comes I'll grow your flowers
and bring them to you
I'll swirl them in the air...
to reach your every direction.

Joan Quinlan '73N

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE EAGLE

The eagle is dying out,
    so it has been said.
She's being shot down all
over the place.

Some say the freedom of
her flight sets off an
anxious obsession with her
death in those whose
constitutions don't include
this earmark of liberation.

Others say it's because she
has been getting a bit carried
away with herself--
invading already inhabited
nests and trying to force
herself upon a weaker breed.

I don't know what to think...
I always thought that basically
she was a creditable bird!

Maybe she's spoiling
with age.

Virginia Babcock '73

HOLD IT BACK

"Hold it back," she cried
Inside
But slowly,
sliding and slithering
It came,
And rolled down her
wrinkled, withered face,
Tracing the lines of memory,
Escaping.

Jeanne Bozogan '73N

THE RIVER

Life commences with the breath of a child
similar to an undiscovered stream arising.

Days pass with the child's happy innocence
as the stream flows on.

Suddenly, something awakens the child--
a pain--an awareness of life as the
stream broadens its depth.

The shell of security and love has cracked.

This new consciousness--meaning--expands,
seeking the unknown as the stream
becomes a river.

Death, guilt struck the child's heart.
The River persists.

Ascending from her shell is a woman, and
the river is now the sea.

With each new encounter, the woman is
Reborn again and again.

For she realizes:

Life does not cease for one
but continues to flow as a River.

The world is hers again.
Yet, of its depth she is unsure.

Sandra Keshishian '73

UNTIMELY END

How sad
  that it should take
    months
for Winter to strip Summer
  of her
    warmth, color,
security,
  and beauty...
    and replace it with
numb, frozen,
  loneliness;
    while it took
only minutes
  and a few words
    for you
to do the same
  to me.

Anonymous